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[16 PAGES.]

One Penny.

AT FUNERAL OF LONDON'S ZEPPELIN V.C.



The funeral procession on its way to the cemetery at Harrow Weald, when the late Captain Lee Robinson was borne to rest.



Part of the large crowd gathered to give a last salute to the brilliant airman.



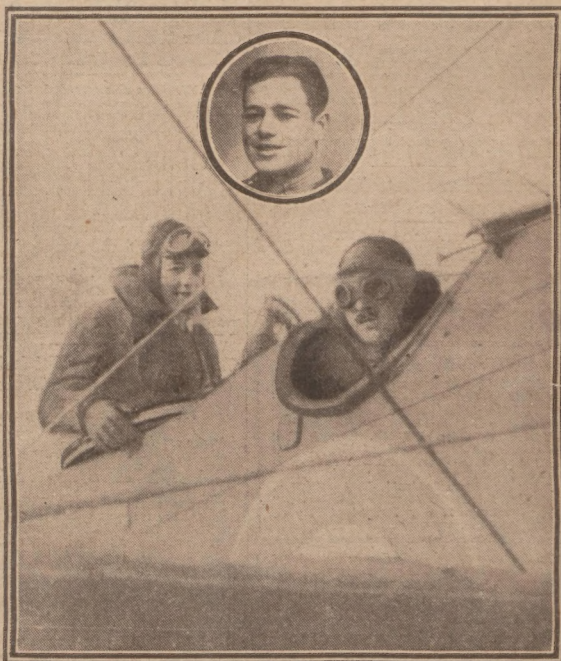
The coffin borne by Major Sowrey, D.S.O. (left), Major Clifton (right) and captains of R.A.F.

At the funeral of Captain Lee Robinson, V.C., the airman who brought down the first Zeppelin on British soil. A squadron of aeroplanes flew over Harrow Weald as the body of the dead hero was conveyed to the cemetery, and a large number of people gathered to pay a last tribute to the first conqueror of the invading Zeppelins.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

AIRMEN'S FEAT



Captain Lang, R.A.F., as he landed after having broken the world's record for aeroplane flight.



The British aviators who established a world's altitude record for aeroplane flight. The height reached was 30,500 feet, nearly six miles, and the machine used was British designed and British built throughout. Picture shows the pilot and his observer, Lieutenant Blows (also in inset), taxi-ing in after accomplishing their great feat.—(Exclusive photographs.)

CUT RED TAPE: RELEASE THE MEN

Industry's Urgent Need for Pivotal Workers.

PAPER TRADE HANDICAP.

Comedy of One Man Demobilised by Mistake.

Let the pivotal men go.

The reason they are not free is because they are entangled in red tape. Don't set up demobilisation committees and councils to consider the process of unwinding the tangle—cut it and free the pivotal men.

That is what industry wants.

So far, wherever an employer tries to get a man demobilised, or a man tries to return to the civil occupation that is waiting for him, he is caught in the meshes of red tape.

In every branch of industry there is urgent need for demobilisation. The paper trade forms a glaring instance.

The whole of the paper trade has had one pivotal man demobilised," said Mr. Becker, a leading City man intimately connected with the paper trade, *The Daily Mirror*.

He was demobilised from the Navy—and that was by a mistake!

"At the present moment there is plenty of raw material for the manufacture of pulp, but no one to handle it. The mills, indeed, are full of material, but the machines are standing idle for lack of hands."

Sir Eric Geddes has established a sort of super-demobilisation council of four. One member will supervise transport matters, one the release of men, one the nursing and developing of industry, and the other will deal with the expansion of existing trade.

Why this committee? Have we been so long without a supervisor of transport? Congestion in the ports of the Empire suggests that we have.

Then who is to blame? Why does Sir Eric appoint a man to supervise the release of men when what we want is a man to release them?

The third member is to look after the nursing and developing of industry. He must have men from the Army.

The fourth member will likewise have nothing to do at all until demobilisation is speeded up, since he cannot expand business without man power.

WRECKED IN VICTORY.

Lack of Rolling Stock and Labour Holding Up Shipping.

In the whole world at the present time there is one thing that matters.

That one thing is work.

Work alone can help to rebuild the Empire, help to replace the wastage of war.

Unless we get our men back and get them to the work necessary to civil life at once, this country will be wrecked in the hour of its victory.

The shipping people whose lives are spent in that hive of industry round the Port of London say that the rail delay in loading and discharging cargoes and the consequent congestion of traffic is due to lack of railway rolling stock as much as it is to labour.

122 U-BOATS GIVEN UP.

Sixty More and Battleship to Follow—Huns' Submarine Losses.

The Daily Mirror learns that 122 submarines have already been delivered by the enemy under the armistice agreement, and that there are approximately sixty submarines in commission yet to come.

The Germans have 170 new submarines in various stages of construction, and appropriate steps are being taken in regard to them.

FOUR GREAT ARTICLES.

The following important contributions appear in *the-mirror's* Sunday Pictorial:

The Church's Sweated Labour. By Horatio Bottomley.

Vienna, the City of Death. Wealth That Cannot Buy a Crust of Bread. By Julius M. Price, the famous artist-war correspondent.

Away with State Control! By Austin Harrison, Editor of the "English Review."

The Problem of Our Daughters. By G. H. Winston.

The German warship *Baden* will be handed over within the next few days in lieu of the *Mackensen*, which is not yet completed.

Seven German submarines still remain in neutral ports, including several in Spanish waters and two in Italian waters.

The Exchange understands that the actual number of German submarines lost in the course of the war from various causes was 202, including fourteen the Germans destroyed themselves and seven interned in neutral ports.

ORDER OF BRITISH EMPIRE.

The King has instituted a military division of the Order of the British Empire.



Rear Admiral von Scheer, Chief of the German Naval Staff, who lost the battle of Jutland, has resigned, at his own wish.



Mr. J. Daniels, U.S. Secretary for the Navy, who said that in the case of the *Mercury*, America possessed the most powerful ship afloat.

ICE SLOPE DRAMA.

Albert Medal for Climber Who Died Trying to Save Another.

TWO DEATH SLIDES.

A thrilling mountain drama, in which a climber took a terrible risk and perished gloriously trying to save another mountaineer, is revealed in last night's *London Gazette*.

The King, it is announced, has awarded the Albert Medal in recognition of the gallant action of Mr. Arthur Hamilton Ambury, late of New Plymouth, whose heroism cost him his life.

Mr. Ambury, with his wife and two friends, were climbing on Mount Egmont, Taranaki, New Zealand, in June last, and had reached an altitude of about 5,500ft. when a call for help was heard from above.

Two members of Mr. Ambury's party immediately commenced to climb to render assistance, and Mr. Ambury, after placing his wife in a safe place, went up after them.

At a height of about 7,300ft. they found two climbers, one of whom had been hurt.

They took charge of the injured man, and his companion, who had an ice axe, proceeded higher up the mountain to assist a third member of the party.

The injured man had been assisted down some 1,000ft. and Mr. Ambury and nearly round, Royal party, who were descending a steep ice slope in which they had to cut steps, when one of the two men in the rear slipped and slid down the slope at a terrific pace.

Mr. Ambury, who was about 60ft. lower down, braced himself and endeavoured to stop the falling man by seizing his alpenstock.

The alpenstock was jerked out of his hand and he was precipitated down the slope.

He was an experienced mountaineer, and must have realised how terrible a risk he was running in endeavouring to save the falling man.

DROVE BLAZING LORRY.

Officer Rushes from His Bed and Braves Exploding Cartridges.

The King has also awarded the Albert Medal to Second Lieutenant Geoffrey Rackham, Royal Army Service Corps M.T., attached 54th Siege Battery, R.G.A., for his gallantry in saving life in France in October last.

At Le Cateau a lorry (one of a convoy of seven) laden with shells and cartridges caught fire.

Lieutenant Rackham, who was awakened by the fire alarm, hurried to the scene of the fire in his pyjamas, to find that flames three to four feet high were issuing from the petrol tank. He put the cap on the petrol tank, jumped into the driver's seat, started up the blazing lorry and drove it, while cartridges were exploding, to a place of safety.

By his prompt conduct serious damage, and in all probability loss of life, was averted.

PREMIER SINGS CHORUSES.

Children's Choir Which Sang the Old Songs of Wales.

From Our Own Correspondent.

At the special invitation of the Prime Minister and Mrs. Lloyd George, the Criccieth Children's Choir, which won the first prize at Criccieth Boxing Day Eisteddfod, sang at Brynawdon last night.

The programme consisted of Welsh songs, and included the test piece on which the choir won on Boxing Day, "Bydd canu yn y Nefoedd" ("There shall be singing in Heaven").

The Premier was delighted with the sweet singing of the children and heartily joined in some of the choruses of the old songs of Wales.

The Prime Minister is expected to return to London from Wales at the end of the week. Shortly afterwards the personnel of the new Cabinet will be published.

BURGLARS AT A MANSION.

It was discovered yesterday that burglars had broken into the county mansion of Sir Carl and Lady Meyer at Baginbun, Newport, Essex. They were disturbed, for they left parcels behind them containing many valuables, taken from various rooms in the house.

MYSTERY MEN.

Missing Heroes of Whose Fate There Is No Knowledge.

NO TRACE OF SECRET CAMPS.

In an important notice the Interdepartmental Committee on Prisoners indicates the steps which are being taken to trace men posted as missing.

The enemy Government will be required to account for every British prisoner of war who has at any time been in their hands.

The battlefields of France, Gallipoli, Palestine, Salonika and Mesopotamia are being searched by the staff of the Director-General of Grave Registration and Inquiries, and though it is not always possible to identify a body found, still much information has been collected in this way.

When all possible methods of inquiry have been exhausted, there may, unfortunately, still be considerable numbers of men whose fate will never be known.

The conditions of modern warfare make this inevitable, but no step will be omitted which may in any way help towards tracing them.

The Committee say that while the possibility of the existence of secret or unreported camps has always been one of the points raised, in no case has reliable evidence pointing to the existence of such places been obtained.

Telegraphic information from Berlin estimates the number of British prisoners in Germany on December 23 was 24,000, of whom 5,000 were in trains proceeding to Holland, and 8,000 were expected to reach Holland within the next few days. Seven thousand were being repatriated via Baltic ports during the week beginning December 23, while the remainder would be transferred to the concentration camps at Wahn (which is under the supervision of the British military authorities).

The Daily Mirror is officially informed that the statement published yesterday that there are in German hands 15,000 British prisoners of whom the War Office have no trace is "highly exaggerated."

Last Kut Heroes Back.—The last batch of Kut heroes reached London from Turkey yesterday. Many told harrowing tales of their 800 miles march across desert.

"LIGHTS OUT" STRIKE.

Grimsbys' Dire Plight Through Electricians' Action.

Grimsbys was plunged in darkness last night by the action of the Engineers at the electricity power station, who came out on strike in consequence of the refusal of the employers to grant their demand in regard to working hours.

The train service was held up, performances at the theatres had to be abandoned, and business at the post offices and elsewhere had to be transacted by candle light.

An offer of assistance from the naval authorities was accepted by the mayor, and a contingent of men from mine sweepers was placed in charge at the power stations.

Strike Stops Trains.—Through the engineers at Forney Power House striking, electric trains on the Liverpool-Southport line were held up. The men complain because they do not come under the forty-seven hours' week until next month.

Boiler-makers Strike.—3,000 Hull boiler-makers and shipwrights stopped work yesterday over a question of hours' dispute.

WOULD-BE WOMEN M.P.s.

Three Defeated Candidates at a Dinner—"No Smoking."

The three women candidates at the recent general election who had the official support of the Women's Freedom League—Mrs. Despard, Mrs. How-Martyn and Miss Phipps—were entertained to dinner at the Central Hall, Westminster, last evening.

The speeches were limited to three minutes each, except in the case of the candidates, and ladies were asked not to smoke "by request."

Mrs. Despard said that, although defeated, she was neither disappointed or disheartened.

In a humorous speech Miss Phipps said she looked back on the election as a network of points. President Wilson had fourteen, the Discharged Soldiers had two, the Temperance party had nine points and every other society had a tendency to increase the number. She never wanted to hear of another point in her life.

Mrs. How-Martyn proposed and Dr. Elizabeth Knight seconded a vote of congratulation to the Countess Markievicz, the only woman to be returned to Parliament.

The decision to send the message was unanimously taken.

BOY OF NINE GIVES LIFE FOR BROTHER

How a nine-year-old boy lost his life in trying to save his elder brother was told at an inquest yesterday on Reggie Foster.

It was stated that while playing with his brother Frank, aged eleven, the latter fell into a brook at Barnwood, Gloucester, where the boys, who belonged to Newport, were spending their holidays.

Reggie immediately jumped in to try to save his brother, but was drowned. Frank eventually succeeded in saving himself.

SMILES THAT BRING JAM AND CHEESE.

Housewives on Best Way to Grocer's Heart.

FISH YOU CANNOT BUY.

Is a smile a bribe? It can be one if it procures jam.

Housewives complain that favouritism is shown to customers who place large orders for luxury lines. They get the first supply of jam and cheese. Tins of syrup and Swiss milk are shipped into their parcels.

"It is not always the woman with the largest purse who lays best; it is often the woman with charming manners," a grocer said to *The Daily Mirror*.

"One of my customers is kind to my invalid wife. She takes the children out for me when I am worried. Naturally I do my best for her."

A woman grocer who runs a small business said it was not the fault of the grocers.

"In peace days I took £30 over the counter a week," she said. "To-day I am not able to pay my expenses. The luxury lines pay my rent. The women who help me to 'carry on' are naturally the customers I consider."

Many women who have registered with small shops regret it. The large stores give the best supplies of jam, but small grocer businesses keep their limited supply for favourite customers.

The women who are registered at these small shops cannot get their supplies from anywhere else.

Hence the housewife's anxiety to know when once again she may have free choice of retailer.

"NO FISH TO-DAY."

London Housewife's Complaint—"All Sold to Hotels and Boarding Houses."

"No fish to-day."
"But your shop is half full of fish."
"All sold—to hotels and boarding-houses, madam."

"This conversation," writes a correspondent, "took place early yesterday morning in a fish shop in Central London. Nor is it the first time that I have been met with a similar statement when trying to buy, although I have been a regular customer for eight years."

Milk Distribution.—To enable Food Control Committees to secure, as far as is practicable, that milk supplies shall be distributed as equitably as possible, the Food Controller has issued an order giving powers to enforce a priority scheme of distribution, and, with the consent of the Food Commissioner, to introduce a scheme for the registration of customers.

AIR ESCORT FOR HERO.

Aeroplanes Accompany Leefe Robinson, V.C., to His Grave.

Captain Leefe Robinson, V.C., who brought down the first Zeppelin in England at Cuffley on September 3, 1916, was buried yesterday at Harrow Weald.

A flight of aeroplanes escorted the cortege to the cemetery. The coffin was borne on an aeroplane trailer draped with the Union Jack, and the dead rested in a magnificent cross of orchids sent by Mrs. Whipple, fiancée of the dead airman.

The bearers included Major Clifton, Major F. Sowrey, D.S.O., who brought the second Zeppelin down in Essex, and Poter's Bar.

Just before the departure of the cortege a cross of laurel leaves was dropped from an aeroplane and fell in front of the house where the body of Captain Robinson was lying. It came from the G.O.C. and officers of the 6th Brigade of the Royal Air Force.

WOMEN NATIONALISED.

What Bolshevism Means—Children of the Soviets.

Stokholm, M. Friday.—According to advices from Petrograd, the Government of a northern country under the Presidency of "Comrade" Zinovief, has worked out a decree to be put into force for the nationalisation of women within Zinovief's territory, including Petrograd.

By this law every woman between eighteen and forty-five is obliged to accept the husband assigned her, and the children will no longer be under family control, but will be brought up by the Soviets.—Reuter.

"DORA" SMOKES THE PIPE OF PEACE.

The Board of Trade have made an Order revoking, as from January 11, the various tobacco restriction orders made under "Dora," the effect of the revocation being that the powers exercised by the Tobacco Control Board in regard to the control, importation, distribution and prices of tobacco will be abolished.

The Board of Trade also announce that the Order limiting the collection and delivery of laundry work will be revoked as from January 6.

MR. WILSON: "NO MORE 'BALANCE OF POWER'"

President on Old Time Intrigues in Balkans
Now Checked—"New Cement Wanted."

U.S. ADMIRAL: "SINK GERMAN WARSHIPS."

"New Statesmanship for a New Age."

The Problem of the Balkans was dealt with by President Wilson in his speech in the Italian Chamber yesterday, says a Central News Rome message.

"The distinguishing fact of this war," he said, "is that great Empires have gone to pieces, and the characteristic of those Empires was that they held different peoples together under the coercion of force and the guidance of intrigue."

"The great difficulty among such states as those of the Balkans has been that they were always being penetrated by intrigue of some sort or another, and that north of them lay disturbed populations which were held together by the coercive force of a military power."

"INTRIGUE IS CHECKED."

What Are We Going to Provide As a "New Cement?"

"Now the intrigue is checked and the bands are broken, what are we going to provide as a new cement to hold those people together?"

"They have not been accustomed to being independent. They must now be independent."

"I am sure that you recognise the principle as I do, that it is not our privilege to say what sort of government they should set up, but we are friends of those people, and it is our duty as their friends to see to it that some kind of protection is thrown around them—something which will hold them together."

"There is only one thing that holds nations together if you exclude force, and that is friendship and goodwill."

"Therefore our task at Paris is to organise the friendship of the world, to see to it that all the moral forces that make for right and justice and liberty are united."

"In other words, our task is no less colossal than this: to set up a new international psychology, to have a new atmosphere."

"I am happy to say that in my dealings with the distinguished gentlemen who lead your nation and those who lead France and England I feel that atmosphere gathering, that desire to do justice, that desire to establish friendliness, that desire to make peace rest upon right, and with this common purpose no obstacle need be formidable. The only use of an obstacle is to be overcome."

"FOUND WANTING."

President on the Failure of "the Balance of Power."

"We know that there cannot be another balance of power. That has been tried and found wanting for the best of all reasons—that it does not stay balanced inside itself."

"Therefore, there must be something substituted for the balance of power, and I am happy to find everywhere in the air of these great nations the conception that that thing must be a thoroughly united League of Nations."

"What men once considered theoretical and idealistic turns out to be practical and necessary."

"We stand at the opening of a new age in which a new statesmanship will, I am confident, lift mankind to new levels of endeavour and achievement."—Central News.

SURRENDERED WARSHIPS.

U.S. Admiral Recommends Sinking Big German Battleships.

NEW YORK, Friday.

Admiral Rodman told the House, which resumed its sittings in Naval Committee, that he recommended the sinking of all surrendered capital ships of Germany and the keeping of submarines, destroyers and other minor craft.—Exchange.

ATTACKS ON MR. WILSON.

WASHINGTON, Friday.

Senator Lewis declared in the Senate that the Republican attacks on the League of Nations are paving the way for Mr. Roosevelt's candidature at the Presidential election.

The recurring assaults on Mr. Wilson disclose a charge of conspiracy to discredit President Wilson and to defeat any design he enters on.

The purpose is, said the senator, to cry to the American public "the President is a failure."—Exchange.

ALLIES MUST FEED OVER 125,000,000 PEOPLE.

Mr. Hoover Appointed Director-General of International Council.

The Allies, says a Reuter Paris telegram, have decided that relief must be provided for the peoples of the newly-liberated and enemy territories.

How colossal this task is will be realised by the statement that in newly-liberated territory alone 125,000,000 people will have to be fed.

The work of relief will be directed by an Allied Council to which each country will send two representatives. Mr. Hoover will be Director-General of this Council, and M. Clementel, Minister of Commerce, will represent France.

Mr. Hoover, interviewed, said: "German ships totalling nearly 3,000,000 tons will be used for feeding Europe, and German passenger ships will be utilised for sending Americans home."

"A billion and a half dollars' worth of food must be imported into Europe between now and July."

"The liberated territories will be fed first, but much of this territory is without other Governments than the municipalities, who are without credit and are therefore unable to pay for food."

"Poland, Armenia, the Czech and Jugoslav republics are in this condition,"—Reuter.

Entente Food Commission.—The Entente Food Commission, which is investigating the food question in German-Austria, arrived in Vienna yesterday. The party included the British representative, Sir William H. Beveridge, K.C.B.

U.S. NAVY TO BE SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS?

Every Dreadnought To Be Driven by Electricity, Says Mr. Daniels.

Mr. Daniels told the House, in Naval Committee, that all the capital ships in the future American Navy would be electrically driven, insuring their superiority over the vessels of other nations.

He declared that the New Mexico, the first electrically-driven Dreadnought and the most powerful naval vessel afloat, now put the electric propulsion idea beyond the experimental stage.

She was built to develop 26,000 horse-power and had actually developed 31,000.

The electric driving would save 25 per cent. of the fuel, while there would be greater endurance at high speed and would give the vessel as much speed astern as forward.

Admiral Taylor told the Committee that the completion of the three years' naval programme would cost 40 to 60 per cent. more than originally estimated.

When Mr. Daniels' attention was called to the article in the London Press characterising as 'unfriendly' his recent statement that the United States should have a Navy second to none, says an Exchange Washington message, he said: "They do not understand."



The Bolsheviks are advancing on Riga and Windau.

CAPTAIN LANG'S STORY OF HIS SIX-MILES SKY-CLIMB.

Eye That Became "As Big As a Plum"—70 Degrees of Frost.

From Our Own Correspondent.

IPSWICH, Friday.

To-day I visited Martlesham Experimental Aerodrome Station, near Ipswich, and chatted with Captain Lang, the daring Australian airman about his thrilling experiences when he ascended in an aeroplane to a height of nearly six miles.

"I had to make most minute observations at every thousand feet, and these are recorded on a board strapped to my right leg," said Captain Lang.

"I have also to note down how the temperature changes, the speed at which the machine is climbing, the revolutions, the water temperature in the engine, the oil temperature, the petrol pressure, the gallons of petrol consumed per hour, and occasionally to look over the side."

The machine they used was a De Havilland bombing machine, fitted with a 450-h.p. Napier engine.

Captain Lang and his colleague were specially clothed for the occasion, wearing two pairs of silk socks, three pairs of stockings, thigh boots lined with lamb's wool, thick underclothing, three sweaters, a Sidcot arctic suit lined with fur, a Balachava and fur lined cap, goggles lined with cotton wool, electrically lined gloves with gauntlets, and a muffler.

When the machine reached an altitude of 30,500ft. there was about 70deg. of frost.

"During the first 8,000ft. the machine tossed about like a leaf, but afterwards we settled down to far more comfortable flying," he said.

Captain Lang said he had a small glass shield for the protection of his right eye, but there was no shield for the left eye.

"At 2,000ft.," he said, "I had to take off my goggles owing to the oxygen frosting on the glass."

Thereupon my left eye watered and froze, and was soon as big as a plum.

"For the next 10,000ft. I was flying with only one eye."

"At 28,000ft. I felt a shortage of oxygen, and I signalled, as prearranged, for more. It was then I found out that Lieutenant Blowes was unconscious."



AT V.C.'S FUNERAL.—Fiscal tributes at the funeral of the late Captain Leefe Robinson, V.C. The sergeant standing holds the wreath sent by Mrs. Whipple, to whom Captain Robinson was engaged.—(Daily Mirror.)

BOLSHEVISTS' 7,000 CHINESE ASSASSINS.

Burning and Slaying in Esthonia.

NEW BALTIC FRONT.

Up to last night, says Reuter, the Foreign Office had no news of the landing of any large British force in the Baltic States.

There is no truth in the Berlin report that the British had presented an ultimatum to the German commander in the Baltic States demanding that the German troops should prevent the Bolshevik advance.

A telegram just received states that the Bolsheviks are employing some 7,000 Chinese in Esthonia, and that they are robbing, burning and assassinating in all directions.

A report from another source states that owing to the winter ice the British naval forces are withdrawing from the Eastern Baltic. British warships, however, will remain in the Western Baltic.

BOLSHEVIST GAINS.

Towns of Walk and Wenden Taken and Foo Well Equipped.

COPENHAGEN, Friday.

The special correspondent of the *Vossische Zeitung* in Riga states that the Bolsheviks have taken the towns of Walk and Wenden. They are well equipped with guns and ammunition and food, while the Baltic forces are practically without the bare necessities of life.

The German soldiers are refusing the fight, and their only desire is to return to Germany.

Even the soldiers defending the railway lines are deserting their posts, which makes the orderly return of German troops impossible.

It was reported last night that 10,000 volunteer German troops were on their way to the Baltic provinces, well supplied with war material.—Exchange.

To Evacuate Petrograd?—It is reported from Petrograd that the Bolshevik leaders have mobilised all officers up to fifty-five and even up to sixty years of age, and have compelled them under threat of capital punishment to undertake military duties.

The Bolsheviks fear that in the near future they will be compelled to evacuate Petrograd.

A NEW BALTIC FRONT.

Russian General to Command Force to Resist Bolsheviks.

COPENHAGEN, Friday.

It is learnt that action by the Baltic provinces against Russian Bolsheviks is to be organised, and that a joint front will be formed through Livonia, Esthonia and Courland to Lithuania.

The well-known Russian, General Udumetsh, conqueror of Ezerum, left Stockholm to-night to take command of the forces on this front and direct action from the Baltic provinces.

Every day sees a large number of Swedes joining the Volunteers Brigade. In Finland the Swedish troops will be equipped with German Mauser rifles.

The Bolshevik wireless official claims that the Ukrainian Red Guards have taken Novo Grudok (Minsk) and Homel, that White Guards at Narva are being annihilated, that the Reds are forty vessels from Revel and that the offensive towards Riga continues.—Admiralty per Wireless Press.

WHITE STAR HITCH?

A hitch has occurred in the negotiations for the purchase by America of the White Star Line, the Press Association learns, and it is probable that the transfer will not take place on the basis proposed.

EX-KAISER PROBLEM.

The Hague correspondent of the *Telegraph* learns that an agreement has been reached between the British and Dutch Governments regarding the position of the ex-Kaiser.—Reuter.

Reuter's Agency learns that in British official quarters nothing whatever is known in confirmation of the above statement.

AIR GENERAL RESIGNS.

Major-General Sir W. S. Brancker has resigned the Master-Generalship of Personnel in the Air Ministry to take up an appointment in connection with civil aviation.

WOMEN WHO WON'T GET UP EARLY.

Amusing Situation in Sunderland Shipyards.

6 A.M. BREAKFAST STRIKE.

The modern woman, it seems, does not believe in early rising.

A serious situation has arisen at Sunderland. It is a situation that may develop into a strike. And it is due to two associated causes—beauty and the bed.

Briefly, these are the facts. On Monday the forty-seven-hours week begins in local shipyards. Up to now the men have taken their breakfast with them to the works, leaving their wives in bed.

Now, however, breakfast time is to be abolished, and it will be necessary for the women to get up early in order that their husbands can have breakfast at home and reach the works not later than half-past seven.

This they refuse to do—politely, no doubt, but quite definitely.

The men want their breakfasts: the women want their beds. Neither side is prepared to budge. So the men are agitating for a forty-four-hours week, which will allow them a later start in the mornings.

It looks as if woman is once more the master—or, rather, the mistress—of the situation.

WILL THE WOMEN WIN?

Housewives Not Burning to Rise and Cook Breakfast at 6.30 a.m.

Right and reason may not be on the women's side, but it is impossible to withhold from them a certain measure of sympathy.

In order that a man may arrive at his work in time it is necessary that his wife should rise at least an hour earlier.

Now, at half-past six the average British housewife is usually wrapped in the blissful unconsciousness of slumber. To awaken her from her beauty sleep would be an act of positive cruelty. Furthermore, the preparation of the toilet is a matter that requires some time.

Whether the masters will regard the situation from this standpoint remains to be seen. Experience, however, has demonstrated that a woman generally gets her own way in the long run, and the future of the Sunderland shipyards may well lie in the laps of the goddesses.

DARING HIGH FLYER.

Captain Andrew Lang, R.A.F., Was Famous Motorist Before the War.

Captain Andrew Lang, R.A.F., who with Lieutenant Howe broke the world's altitude record, reaching 30,500 ft. on a British-built British-engine biplane, at Martlesham, near Ipswich, is the well-known Australian motorist.

In 1910 he drove a 15 h.p. Talbot car across Australia, travelling under the greatest difficulties of desert, 1,600 odd miles where no vehicle had ever previously been.

Captain Lang's ambition now is to fly across both the Atlantic and the Continent of Australia. He came to England in May, 1915, and joined the R.F.C. For some time he has been testing experimental aeroplanes.

A nephew and namesake of the late Andrew Lang, the Scottish author, it has remained for Captain Lang to make the name famous in the field of action.

STILL NO WOMAN M.P.

Mrs. Lucas Fails to Secure Election at Kennington.

There is still no woman M.P. The last hope of a woman's success at the General Election expired yesterday, when the figures of the Kennington poll were announced, as follows:

H. G. Purchase (L.G.)	4,705
Mrs. Lucas (U)	2,272
W. Glennie (Lab)	2,817

LG majority 1,332

Mrs. Lucas' defeat comes as a great disappointment to many women, who hoped that at least one member of their own sex would represent them in the House of Commons.

Mr. Purchase is a barrister. The Countess of Markievicz will not be allowed to take her place as Sinn Féin member for St. Patrick's, Dublin, on account of her husband's alien nationality.

CHILE "TAKES THE AIR."

The first batch of British aeroplanes ceded by the Government to Chile has now reached Valparaiso.

It will form the nucleus of the new Chilean Air Service, which, as a start, will consist of fourteen seaplanes and fifty aeroplanes, all British machines originally built for the British Air Service.

Major Huston of the British Flying Corps is to be chief instructor of the new force.

CANADIAN WAR PICTURES IN PICCADILLY.



"On the March," one of several paintings by Mr. A. J. Munnings on exhibition.



Sir Robert Borden, by Mr. Harrington Mann.

At the Canadian War Memorials Exhibition, Burlington House, opened to-day.



HOSPITAL MATRON MARRIED.—Sergeant-Major W. Knight married to Miss H. J. Williams, matron of Condon and Purley hospital, at Christ Church, Parley.



DOUGHBOYS' DUG-OUT DISCOVERY.—A German field searchlight that was found in perfect order in a dug-out, thirty feet deep, by American troops occupying territory vacated by the enemy. With some of the U.S. engineers who brought it to light.

THE WEDDING OF ART AND WAR.

Notable Paintings for Canada's Memorials.

JOHN'S GREAT WORK.

"It is probably the greatest work of art that the modern world has produced."

This was the verdict yesterday of a famous art critic, when he pointed to the gigantic cartoon of war by Augustus John, which appears in the exhibition of Canadian War Memorial paintings at the Royal Academy of Art, Burlington House.

The cartoon is characteristic in design and method. It has grandeur of structure, simplicity of outline and nobility of conception.

In this great frieze the figures attain an almost terrible life through their emotions. Here are the terror of war and the pity of war. Here are at once the justification of war and its condemnation.

WILL DRAW ALL LONDON.

This great work of John's will not only be the talk of art coteries. It will draw all London to the Royal Academy.

No more extraordinary collection of paintings has ever been housed at Burlington House.

Some of them are so exceptionally modern in their treatment and design—such as the futuristic study or nightmare which is called "A Gas Attack"—that they might well make the ghosts of the old rigid Academicians rise from their graves, either in horror or wonder.

But the exhibition is confined to no single school of thought or art. It is catholic and comprehensive. All schools are represented.

A remarkable study by Sir John Lavery gives the impression of "Embarkation," and will attract general attention. So will the little Orpen, many of the portraits and undoubtedly the large Moira canvas.

The exhibition will be opened by Sir Robert Borden, Prime Minister of Canada, at noon to-day.

GLORY OF PONDER'S END.

Munitioners' Gift to Mr. Churchill—What Workers Can Get.

A deputation of about a hundred foremen and workmen of the Ponder's End Shell Factory visited the Ministry of Munitions on Thursday and presented Mr. Churchill with a miniature model of a 6-pounder tank gun. The deputation was introduced by the manager, Mr. Brindley, who explained that the model was a labour of love on the part of the men.

Mr. Churchill said the name of Ponder's End stood high on the list of munition factories which had gained special distinction for their output. He had a very warm place in his heart for Ponder's End.

He did not know of any reasonable conditions that the workmen of this country had sincerely desired to introduce into their daily life which were not within their reach if capital and labour pulled loyally together.

EXTERMINATING A RACE.

Turkish Tortures on the Armenians—Abominable Outrages.

The Turkish Army in withdrawing from the Caucasus have continued, in spite of the terms of the armistice, to commit the grossest outrages on the Armenians.

Turks acknowledge that the intention is to consummate the Turkish policy of exterminating the race.

Armenian children under twelve years of age, according to an eye-witness, have been outraged, while Armenians have been beaten until they could not stand.

At one place he found the corpses of over sixty women and children, and witnessed Turkish troops inflicting the most abominable tortures upon the living.

BISHOP'S ORDEAL.

Dr. Watts Ditchfield Faints After Horse Attacks His Motor-Car.

The Bishop of Chelmsford (Dr. Watts Ditchfield) is suffering from shock caused by a motor-car accident.

While returning at night from a Confirmation service at Woodford, his car came into collision in Epping Forest with a straying horse.

The animal took fright and destroyed both radiator and wind screen.

When liberated from the car, the Bishop fainted.

CADET AIRMEN KILLED.

While making a flight in an aeroplane at Stamford yesterday, Cadets C. Thompson, aged eighteen, of Rochdale, and W. Vincent, twenty-five, of Plymouth, crashed.

In one case death was instantaneous, and in the other the airman died after admission to hospital.

Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1919.

GET ON WITH THE PEACE!

YESTERDAY we pointed out the grave danger that "even now, before peace, Europe may pass into anarchy."

It is a possibility. And it is an argument, certainly, for the maintenance of large armed forces, as a guarantee of order, till peace comes; and, if need be, after the actual signing of the peace. That is true enough.

But it would be an argument also, and still more, for the rapid signing of peace, if it could be proved that the symptoms of anarchy arise from the condition of flux and uncertainty in which Europe finds itself at the moment.

But the thing surely is obvious!

Here, on the one hand, you have the victorious side, holding the destinies of the vanquished.

What are their intentions? What are they going to do? What is the design in their yet unmarked map of the new Europe?

Neither peoples nor Governments nor supreme men, amongst conquered or conquerors, can say. Nobody knows. Everybody hopes.

Amongst the conquerors, the best hope for a new order in the world; and, for them, every minor or local detail of redistribution and resettlement is subordinate to that ideal: the worst are content to face the Conference with the maxim: "We must get all we can and stick to what we can get."

So much for conquerors.

And, amongst them, no man can do anything till he knows. No public man can plan his future policy. Reconstruction must be in abeyance till public men know more about the future than any of them can know at present. Their plans depend on the peace.

So do the plans of the private man.

His investments, his business, the direction of his industrial endeavour, his urgent need for raw material, the hopes for better qualities in goods for retailer or wholesaler—all this depends on the peace. While the peace waits, all this and all these must wait with it.

It is the same with the conquered.

How can Germany reconstruct; how can Russia, so long as neither knows *what* each has to reconstruct?—how much territory, what reconciled peoples, what alien elements? Nobody knows. All wait. And that is the condition of anarchy.

For, while all wait, and while nobody knows, every greedy hand, at the service of every lawless intention, stretches out to *take* what waits to be fairly given. "Why bother about the Conference? It will be put off and put off till we lose our chance. Make our desire an accomplished fact. We want much. Let us take a good deal. Then at the Conference we can say we've got it and it's ours." So argue the anarchists of Europe.

Here, then, is the urgent need for peace *soon*, peace without delay. If peace be not on the way, anarchy is; and the chances of anarchy grow with every week in the delay of peace.

Who can doubt that a group of practical men, working in private business, would sit down and settle the problems of that business in half the time required by public men to settle the affairs of Europe and of the world?

W. M.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Soon, very soon, our brief lives will be lived. Soon, very soon, we and our affairs will have passed away, uncounted generations will trample upon our tombs. What is the use of living if it be not to strive for noble causes and to make this muddled world a better place for those who will live after we are gone?—Winston Churchill.

ON GETTING OUT OF UNIFORM.

A PLEA FOR COLOUR AND BEAUTY IN MEN'S DRESS.

By MARY INGILBY.

THERE are many young girls, married during the war, who have never seen their husbands in any costume but a uniform! We know what fascination that possesses. The uniform is a becoming affair, apart from what it stands for.

Time brings disillusion, none more severe than that spectacle of civilian costume after khaki. When the young bride first sees her husband in a check suit and bowler hat she is apt to think:—
"Can this be Tedd? This object? I thought him a god! He looks actually common. Is it his suit?"

It is his suit.

Tedd has not lost his hero's soul—that

horror. Men, too, should take their share in the pagantry of the streets, and flash about like bright plumed birds enlivening the dinginess.

I would even like to see a revival of the silks and satins of Charles the Second's day—it would bring back individuality. It would be simply delightful to have one's husband fussing over laces, and paste buttons and the colour of velvets.

HE WOULD BE MORE HUMAN!

He would take an intenser interest in one's own fantasies of the sort! The immortal Pepsy has left on record the satisfaction a man may feel in dress. He goes so far as to say that the world judges a man by his clothes, and that he succeeds in fine garments where he would fail in shabby ones.

That is because of the gain in self-confidence. Pepsy gives painful details about wigs which I do not propose to quote.

One thing is clear, wigs are entirely barred

IN THE COMING DAYS OF RECONSTRUCTION.—No. 2.



Certain of our readers tell us we shall get rid of the absurd and troublesome custom of tipping. For people will be so well paid that they won't want tips any more. Perhaps! (By W. K. Haselden.)

could not change—but he has lost the garment that expressed it. He is now clothed incongruously, and no longer looks a leader of men.

His withers are unwrung. Without exactly understanding what that means, it somehow explains his sensations.

He hates himself because of his clothes. She hates his clothes and is dissatisfied with him.

Cannot something be done for the young people?

In the reforms that peace will bring could not a change in men's clothes be included? We might go back to the plum-coloured or brown suits of Dr. Johnson's day, the knee-breeches, stock, lace ruffles, fob, shoes or high boots for muddy weather. They would be more practical than the present get-up, with its stiff collar and trousers, which have to be turned up from the dirt.

"You are too fine, Davy," Garrick's mentor used to tell him. But I maintain that in these days one can scarcely be too fine.

The coming years will be troubled and difficult. They would be cheered by bright colours and picturesque effects. I am sure women will wear startling things. They did after the tragedy of the French Revolution. It is the natural human reaction against

from any proposals on my part of dress reform in the future, let the incongruity of short hair and ruffles be overcome as it may.

Swords are a different matter.

I should like to see swords brought back into wear as ornaments. Not to fight with! We have had enough fighting, though it might be permissible to brandish them occasionally in the tubes. A zest would be added to that nightly battle by the swords becoming entangled with one another and with the gates of the car. This would slow things down a bit. Leisurely ways might follow, the greater dignity which slowness brings, even courtesy might return. Who knows?

"Parlous me, sir, my sword is caught up in yours, both are in the gate. Allow me."

"Permit me, sir."

Even the life man might be more human. "Easy with that gate, sir! That there hokkin of yours is pinning her whilst you're scraping and bowing. Let her go! That's right. Cheerio!"

This sort of life would be a positive inspiration! There would be no disillusioned brides in it asking "Why did I do it?" None of that, but a race of fine fellows, happy wives, bright clothes, courtesy, swords, tubes. Happy new years.

WOMEN IN POWER.

DO POSITIONS OF AUTHORITY AGREE WITH THE FEMININE NATURE?

"SWELLED HEAD"?

I RESPECT the conviction with which "A Working Girl" claims that the gallant women she mentions deserve the "power" they have striven to secure for their sex.

At the same time, I don't think that her letter proves anything.

Women have striven for the vote and gained it. That is as it should be. But that does not touch the point.

The point is: Does the woman in office—Jill-in-office—get "swelled head" and domineer? The experience of your contributor, Miss W. Loughly, is that they do.

I agree with her.

Leinster-gardens, W.

M. N. L.

WHEN THEY GET USED TO IT.

PLACE and position are new to women. That is all.

When they get used to wielding authority they will be no worse than the men are now. That is, some will be tiresome, others charming.

Hornion-street, W.

MICHAEL SPENCER.

RUDE TO OTHER WOMEN.

UNDOUBTEDLY nearly all women "get above themselves" when placed in positions of power. No unbiased observer can have failed to note it during the war.

Above all, these authoritative women are rude continually to other women. We dread them. That is why we turn to the man at the ticket-office instead of to the woman.

Bryanston-square, W.

W. T. L.

"PATIENT PATRIOTS."

I MUST join with your correspondent's protest against the sale of Army horses abroad; especially in the East.

Their fate will be starvation and cruel treatment, such as no English horse knows of.

I have been an eye-witness of this in Egypt. I plead the boon of a merciful death for these patient patriots, if eventual repatriation is out of the question.

Ackworth House, East Bergholt, Colchester.

E. HARWOOD.

CHURCH AND PEOPLE.

SOME of your readers complain that certain things "jar" in our Church services.

Is that necessarily the fault of the Church? Ought not the faithful to conform to the Faith instead of trying to adapt it to their own whims?

ANOTHER PARSON.

WOMEN AND PARLIAMENT.

MISS GORE BOOTH'S attempt to explain away the failure of women candidates is singularly unconvincing.

Her extraordinary statement that they "were not defeated as women" is open to question to say the least of it.

Had these women been successful, would Eva Gore Booth have said that they were not elected as women?

The favourite argument of the advocates of women M.P.s. was that there is what is vaguely called "the women's point of view" which should be represented in Parliament, and the electors have expressed their opinion of this contention in unmistakable terms.

There is good reason to believe, however, that the only woman to be returned owed her success, not to her sex; but to her weird political views, and was elected on the understanding that she would not take her seat. Perhaps the best justification for this "triumph" is that it occurred in Ireland! England need not envy Ireland this "distinction."

There seems to be nothing illogical in anti-suffragists using the vote. Woman Suffrage having been forced on the country, it is the duty of patriotic and intelligent women who resisted it in the past to endeavour to render it as innocuous as possible.

PESPICTIO.

TO THE MUSES.

Whether on Ida's shady brow,
Or in the chambers of the East,
The Chambers of the sun, that now
From ancient melody have ceased;

Whether in Heaven ye wander fair,
Or the green corners of the earth,
Or the blue regions of the air,
Where the melodious winds have birth;

Whether on crystal rocks ye rove
Beneath the bosom of the sea,
Wandering in many a coral grove,
Fair Nines, forsaking Poetry;

How have you left the ancient lore
That bards of old enjoy'd in you!
The languid strings do scarcely move,
The sound is forced, the notes are few.

—BAIRD.

IN MY GARDEN.

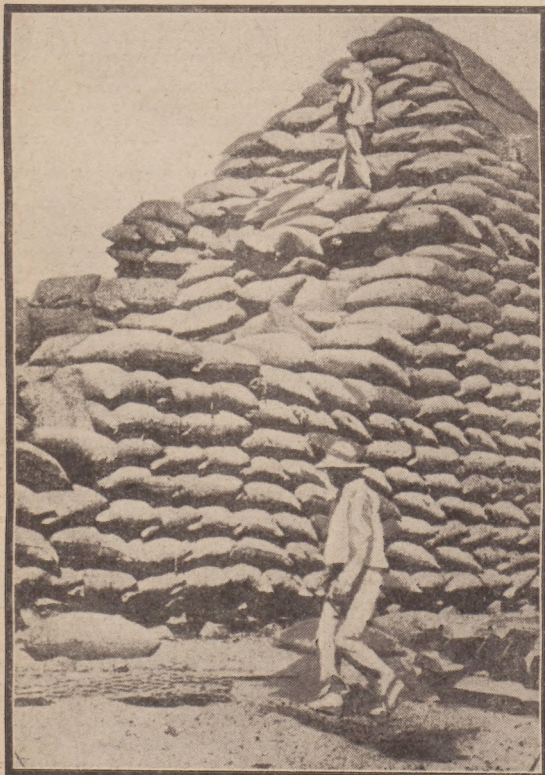
JAN. 3.—Seeds are sure to be scarce this year, so it will be prudent for the gardener to send in his order as soon as possible this month. Many of the most popular varieties of vegetables were unobtainable last March.

The owner of a cool greenhouse can easily obtain an early crop of peas, cauliflowers, broad beans and onions by sowing seed under glass about this date.

Now either in pots or boxes. See that these are efficiently drained. Let the soil be good sandy loam, and it should be mixed with some leaf-soil and wood-ashes.

E. F. 2

HUN-STIMULATED BOLSHEVISM HAS STILL TO BE COMBATED BY THE ALLIES IN SIBERIA.



One of the great stacks of beans for food supply of Allied and American soldiery to be seen at every railway centre in Manchuria.



Veteran soldiers from France passing through San Francisco to join the Allied forces in Siberia, where Germanised Bolshevism has still to be combated.



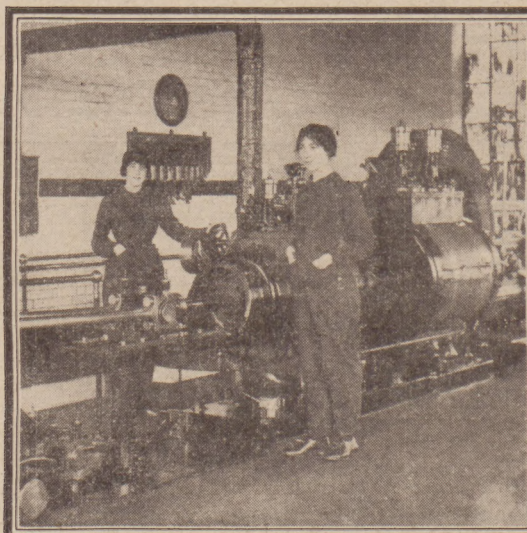
FOR FRANCE.—Mr. Harry Fulford, Bradford Golf Club professional, who, it is stated, is to go to the Le Toquet Club, France.



CLAIMING A LEAD MINE.—As a result of the great advance in the price of lead there have been several attempts to "claim" unworked lead mines in Derbyshire and elsewhere by working miners.



ON THE HOME LAP.—Doughboys just returned from France on the transport Celtie being taken to a demobilisation camp on a Government tug. They are in high spirits at prospect of early return home.



WAR WORKERS' GOOD SERVICE.—Miss Clara Morris and Miss Pole, who have been running the Potters Bar pumping station for the past three years. They "carried on" after only a fortnight's instruction.

THE OLD "NANNY" AND HER BOOKS.

DO MODERN CHILDREN LACK SENTIMENT AND HEART?

By Mrs. MARTIN HARVEY.

The distinguished actress contrasts the old nursery education and the new.

IN turning over some old books at a book-stall, with a view to children's Christmas presents, the other day, I came across a little green volume, so well known and so well loved—"Jessica's First Prayer."

At once it brought back to my mind the old nursery, the tea-table, the fire, the tall fireguard, the bookshelves, the old play-box, and "Nanny," our dear old Nanny, making potato cakes for tea!

"Jessica's First Prayer" and "Little Meg's Children!" How dear they were!—sentimental, old-fashioned, what you will, but with that touch of fineness that has lingered in my memory all through the years.

Next in my affections came the quaint old nursery rhymes. One told how Rose was a "good girl, but told lies," and that "Jane made a new shift for her doll."

I remember how I used to wonder how Rose contrived to lie and to be good at the same time, and how bitterly I envied the accomplishment.

"LINE UPON LINE."

And "Line Upon Line," that Nanny used to read on Sunday afternoons, with its quaint illustrations of the Ark and Tabernacle, the amazing mirth that Aaron used to wear, and the strange shape of the Lamb that was sacrificed on the altar of stone. We loved all these dearly. They prepared us for the beauty and majesty of the Old Testament, which we were then too young to understand.

I used to think that the man who wrote "Line Upon Line" must have been a very kind man because he took so much trouble to explain the vestments that the High Priest wore so that little children could understand. I remember being very much concerned as to whether it was possible that he had a beard or no. A beard in those days, as now, being particularly significant of all that was most "unlucky" and unpleasant in mankind!

What would a child think of these books now I wonder?

I have heard them dismissed as the sentimental trash of the 'Thirties!

Sentimental they were—"tosh," perhaps. But the message they brought was always fragrant and sweet, and the memory left was perhaps one of the truest of those nursery days. They seemed part of our Nanny. Nanny of such dear and hallowed memories, with her unceasing care and devotion, with an unselfishness beyond all words, the unselfishness which is found only in the women who devote their lives to the care and training of children who are not their own. One of the most beautiful things in womanhood is, perhaps, the capacity of the woman to live in other people's children—to do for them all that a mother is meant to do, and, perhaps, the most difficult task of all, to correct them with unwearied patience.

WHAT NURSE TAUGHT US.

If one reflects, it is from those nursery days and from one's old nurse that one learns the meaning of truth—truth, as her simple mind saw it, her unerring instinct for the right and the wrong simply set forth, simply taught.

It was she who gave us our first sense of motherhood in the care and love for our dolls. It was always Nanny who taught us what was due to our dear papa and mamma. How a modern boy or girl would smile at being told now how they should behave to dear papa and mamma! How they would laugh at the old books and be bored by the old stories.

Mental progress has been wonderful, I suppose, and the intelligence of the modern child is far greater, its outlook broader, its mind keener.

But one wonders if it is worth it at the price. Life becomes hard and stark without sentiment—I mean sentiment of the right sort.

It always seems to me that we do the children such a great wrong in teaching them to repress the natural expression of affection. The modern girl has little sentiment, little affection. These things are regarded with contempt, and have no place in the books that are written for school and library to-day. Clever books, instructive, absorbing, beautifully illustrated these are—but without the homely, simple touch and the message of love the old books brought, with the wrong and the right set down clearly and simply to the simple souls who read it.

We are taught these things now, but in a different way.

Sometimes, when I see these little grown-up children, I long to sweep them back into the old nursery days, with dear old-fashioned Nanny, where there were no Dulac or Ruckham to illustrate the fairy tales.

N. MARTIN HARVEY.

CHILLY WORK FOR TARS IN THE BALTIC.



Wintry conditions on board one of the ships of the British squadron now operating on the bleak coast of Estonia.—(Official.)

"COLD FEET."

A COMPLAINT OF THE WAR BOOT AND THE WET.

By A. M. BENNET.

I WAS told (of course) that no water ever could get through that boot!

The shoe-expert had made it carefully for me; and he held it up to the light. "Very expensive?" Yes; but better to spend one's money on getting a boot that would keep out any wet.

For what is worse (he added wisely) than cold feet?

No, indeed!—nothing worse.

They affect the whole body. With cold feet, a man has a chilled body. With a chilled body, he has a cold heart. With a cold heart, he will do cruel things. Cruel things are criminal.

Cold feet lead to crime...

Well, anyhow, I would not have cold feet.

The next day I put them on.

Need I say that it was raining? It nearly always is.

AT THE OFFICE.

Got to the office. Sat down in the office. A gloom over the office. Something wrong. Work dreary. A shiver. An apprehension. A hint of "flu. What is this depression?

Cold feet!

I take off my boots—or one boot—and feel.

Yes! My sock is wet. It is damp. Consequently, my feet are cold.

And I paid three guineas!

They tell me it's no good trying—It's the war. They tell me to try rubbers on top of my soles. I do. And the water goes through the holes in the soles, if I may be forgiven a jingle. They tell me to try cork soles, and I would if I could, but I can't get any.

They tell me, next, to wear goloshes over my boots. I do. But pebbles—loose pebbles seem somehow to pierce the goloshes. And then the wet follows them.

Besides, how can I always wear goloshes?

And it is always raining.

If I wear them, I am alone in the world. None of my male friends seem to wear them. In consequence, all my male friends come to me, and stop in front of me and look at my feet, and say: "Poor old thing! I say, you do look after yourself—that's right. Don't get cold feet."

They make me feel a coward. They tell me goloshes are not necessary. They assure me they never use them. They give me new addresses of new bootmakers. They tell me...

Anything and everything! Meanwhile, rather than have cold feet, I have gone back to an ancient pair of pre-war boots. Ancient, but the best I have!

A. M. B.

MORE LIKE HOME!

NEW COMFORTS IN "TOMMY'S" LIFE OUT IN FRANCE.

By A MAN IN LILLE.

NEVER since the war began has the soldier had such comfortable quarters as he is enjoying now in France.

During hostilities he was content to billet in a broken-down barn, dug-out or trench.

Nowadays he is, to a great extent, taking over real houses, unpunctured by shells, and with every modern convenience with the exception perhaps of brass door knobs, which the enemy took with him on his retreat.

Men of my unit now have the run of a block of up-to-date houses in Lille, with four or five men to a room.

In most cases we have our own home-made beds, and this comprises the chief furniture. Luckier men have "scrounged" civilian beds, and enjoy the luxury of a spring mattress. Tables and chairs suddenly appear in the room and nobody questions where they come from. True, the fire-stoves are not always of the most up-to-date pattern, but they are good enough for cooking purposes and heating a room.

Each night "Tommy" is boiling potatoes, porridge or cocoa, and later the "family" indulge in supper, sitting at a real table on real chairs.

Imagine what a luxurious change this is from sitting on a tin-bat and eating stew from a dixie resting on one's knees!

A LITTLE MUSIC.

Nearly every fair-sized unit has its piano, and during the evening there is many a good old sing-song.

When duty is over in the morning "Tommy" repairs to the sports field or his private work. It may be letter-writing, studying French or mathematics, or the very necessary job of washing his clothes in the back garden. Most men, however, send their linen out to be washed by French or Flemish women, who have a weird system of reckoning in half-pennies.

Remnants of the Germans who once occupied these houses show themselves in printed notices on the walls of our "Villa Marie" with the word "Verboten" very much in evidence. In the attic among the litter is a German forage cap, and wine bottles which tell the story of the "Huns" too gay life. The cellars of our "homes" are used for Army stores, while the water tap (this is a boon) is conveniently close to the cook's kitchen.

The cook, by the bye, has improved wonderfully. We get dinners more like the old Blighty style owing to the improved domestic advantages, and we are getting Army stew so rarely that we cannot cease from wondering.

A. D.

SEX BOLSHEVISM: A NEW PHASE.

REMEDIES FOR THE MOOD OF ANGER AGAINST MARRIAGE.

By ROSALIE NEISH.

Mrs. Neish comments on the present revolt against quiet married life.

BOLSHEVISM, in the usually accepted meaning, is an absolute disregard of law and order, and a fine contempt for the rights of others. Its motto is: "Say what you like, take what you like, do what you like."

Sex-Bolshevism is the epitome of "Do what you like."

The marital Bolshevists are at present in a small minority, but their numbers are steadily increasing.

Why are so many people revolting against marriage?

There is always a reason, just or unjust, for revolution.

I have heard of women lately who flatly refuse to live with the men who have come back to them to be comforted and consoled after the cruel privations of this cursed war. Some of these couples have scarcely lived together for more than a brief leave, and some of them have lived together for years. When war came and men went to fight and women were left, the women began to enjoy their liberty.

The "Master of the House" was no longer there to dole out housekeeping money, sometimes very grudgingly.

"HOUSEKEEPING DRUDGERY?"

Wives experienced perfect freedom, many of them earned a goodly living, while others stayed at home and had complete charge of their husband's income. These women learnt not only to love the liberty, but they enjoyed a pleasant sense of responsibility. Now that husbands are returning, some of them are being met by wives who openly say they will not go back to the old life of housekeeping drudgery.

They mean to keep their freedom and to lead their own independent lives!

Some of them put it into beautiful language, and talk like Mme. Sarah Grand's heroines.

The more modern, and only lately married girl frankly says she is "fed up" with matrimony, and I know of a charwoman who left her husband and took a permanent daily place, and when remonstrated with said she was "tired of being bossed," adding, "And I ain't goin' to put up with it no longer!"

Bolshevism, however, is not entirely a woman's complaint.

Returned men have revolted against their wives.

I heard the other day of a man who left his wife in Ireland in 1914, and who said the war had so altered his views and enlarged the horizon of his mind that he simply could not go back to the woman he used to live with. He said he had been on leave twice, and it had been "simply awful!"

Now, what is the remedy for all this marital unrest?

I believe, although I shall be fiercely criticised for saying so, it lies almost entirely in the woman's hands.

Women are naturally more patient and enduring than men. They are also more adaptable.

AN INCIDENT.

A woman told me the other day that she went down to the country to stay with her father and mother.

During the evening her mother took up a piece of knitting. Her father, hearing the click of the needles, promptly put down his paper and said, "Don't do that, mother!"

With a little sigh the mother laid down her work.

It was more than the daughter could stand, and she said, "Why should you mind mother doing her knitting, Dad?" To which he replied, "Oh, I like to see her sitting comfortably by the fire, it's no restful."

He returned to his paper, and his daughter said, laughingly, "Well, if I were mother I would refuse to sit bored and idle while you are reading, just to 'rest'-you." To which he, equally laughingly, replied, "Ah, my dear, but you would never have suited me like that nowadays, but men still have the idea that they are 'head' of the house."

The average modern woman wants man to be her comrade, not her master. The "honour and obey" will have to be altered in the marriage service of the future.

I would also suggest that the phrase used by the man, "with all my worldly goods I thee endow" should be left out, since very few men ever fulfil that part of the matrimonial contract.

If, instead of a "contract," it is a definite and holy promise, why should woman obey if man does not endow? Man's ideas of woman have undergone some rude changes in this war, but man has also learnt the true worth of woman's friendship and comradeship.

ROSALIE NEISH.

CROWN PRINCESS.



Princess Kuni Nagako, who has been appointed official consort of the Crown Prince of Japan, with her companion the daughter of Baron Sato.



DECORATED FOR VALOUR.—Russian officers who joined the French Foreign Legion when Russia went out of the war decorated for bravery.



CLEANING UP WAR AREA.—American engineers in the devastated battle territory pulling down dangerous walls for material for repairing the roads.

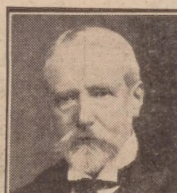
BRITISH DESTROYERS NOT TO BE SUNK BY GERMAN SE



The fore part of the British destroyer Tartar after she had run upon a floating Hun mine.



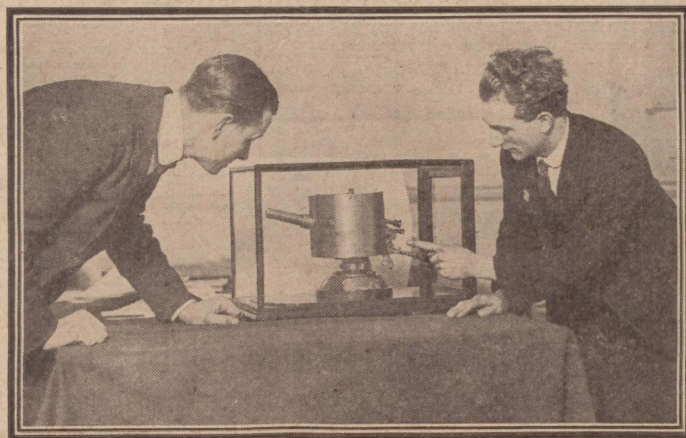
ANTI-MICROBE MASKS.—Women workers of the American Red Cross with some of the anti-influenza masks which are being issued in large numbers to the troops.



DEAD.—Mr. Donald Crawford, K.C., whose death has just been announced. He had a distinguished legal career.



C.B.E.—Mrs. E. Ord Marshall, who was recently invested by the King with the Commandership of the British Empire Order.



FOR MR. CHURCHILL.—A model of a 6in. gun which was presented to Mr. Winston Churchill by the workers at a Ponder's End shell factory yesterday as a mark of their appreciation of his chieftainship. An expert explains mechanism of the gun to a colleague.—(Daily Mirror.)



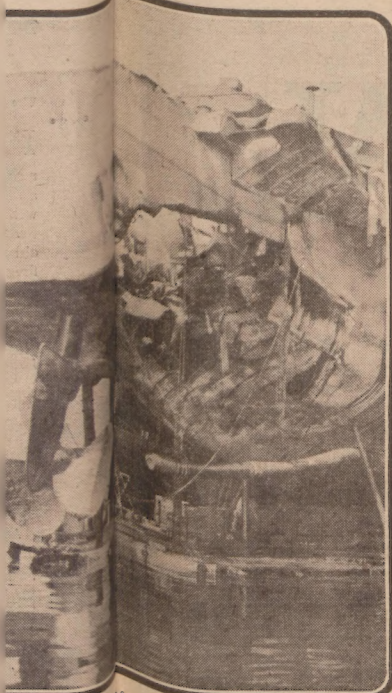
Condition in which a sea-mine exploded off the stern of some of the ships of our silent Navy. Enemy plotting of such serious troubles. It speaks well for the experiences.



IN BLUE AND WHITE.—A delightful afternoon gown in navy blue and white figured chiffon, decorated with white porcelain beads and band of blue chiffon.

NOVEL DESIGN.—A costume in Del hand embroidered loose panel be

GERMAN SEA MINES.



sea-mine exploded off the stern of the destroyer Warwick. Our silent Navy were the cause of not a few of their more serious misfortune during war time. Enemy experiences as those here photographed their share. —(Daily Mirror exclusive.)



—A delightful costume in Delf-blue cloth trimmed with blue and white hand embroidery in "self" tones. The loose panel back is a notable feature.

LAST M.P. ELECTED TO THE HOUSE



The returning officer congratulates Mr. H. G. Purchase, a supporter of Mr. Lloyd George, on his victory at Kennington. It was the last contest in the general election which he won. Inset, Mrs. F. A. Lucas, who was a strong opponent. —(Daily Mirror.)



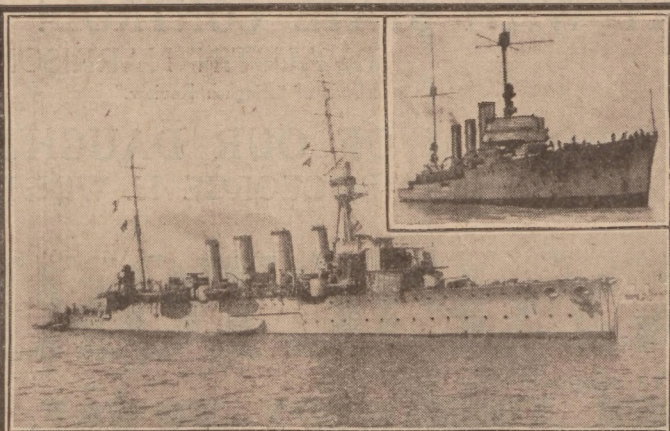
AT OMSK.—Sir Charles Eliot, K.C.M.G., British Commissioner in Russia, now at Omsk, which has been cleared of Bolsheviks.



MENTIONED.—Mrs. Hugh Rayner, wife of Lieut.-Col. H. Rayner, Royal Horse Guards, mentioned for hospital services.



AN ALL-SMILES PARTY.—Women of the U.S. Motor Corps returned from France by the Leviathan with friends who came to meet them at New York.



SYDNEY AND EMDEN.—The crew of the Australian battle cruiser Sydney, which sank the old Emden at the end of its career as a raider, supplied a search party for the new Emden (inset), which was among Hun war vessels surrendered to British. —(Daily Mirror exclusive.)

OF NO USE NOW.



Dismantling one of the bomb-proof shelters constructed in the City of London. Their disappearance is a welcome reminder that the war is ended.



NAVAL SURGEON'S WEDDING.—Surgeon I. B. Stringer, R.N., of New Zealand, married to Miss M. Grant at Freiston church, near Boston, Lincs.



SING-SONG FOR SHIPBUILDERS.—War camp community service and two wounded soldiers entertain shipyard workers on Shooters Island, U.S.A. Leading the chorus of a popular trench song.

Buy To-morrow's SUNDAY·PICTORIAL

And read the following
great articles :—

THE CHURCH'S SWEATED LABOUR



By Horatio Bottomley, M.P.

VIENNA, THE CITY OF DEATH

By JULIUS M. PRICE.

The well-known War Correspondent just returned from Austria.

AWAY WITH STATE CONTROL!

By AUSTIN HARRISON.

Editor of "English Review."

THE PROBLEM OF OUR DAUGHTERS

By GEORGE H. WINSTON.

SUNDAY·PICTORIAL

ORDER YOUR COPY TO-DAY.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

Bringing Back the Loot!

A striking example of war's little ironies is furnished by Valenciennes just now. The museum there was plundered by the Germans. But the trainloads of plunder were found in Germany by the French, sent back, and now German prisoners are working hard unloading and replacing the stolen property.

The Army That Never Is.

I heard an officer on the "Q" branch of the Staff estimating that our armies in France are nowadays invariably one army short. What with those demobilised daily, those on leave, the sick and the absentees, it is easy to see how the total arises.

Peer Repatriated.

Among the prisoners of war now happily out of the hands of the German brutes is Lord Farnham. He has not had such a long captivity as some of our unfortunate soldiers, but this does not make him less glad to be home again.

On the Staff.

Lord Farnham was an aide-de-camp on the personal staff. He has had a lifetime experience of warfare, for he was in the South African campaign with his Hussars. His only brother, the Hon. Denis Maxwell, is a naval lieutenant.

The Arab Steed.

The Emir Feisal during his stay in London has found time to entertain some representatives of the Arab Horse Society, which en-



Mrs. George Owen
Sandys, only child of
Sir Edward Redford,
C.B.



Lady Waechter, whose
husband, Sir Harry
Waechter, has been
given the C.M.G.

courages the introduction of the Arab strain into English light horses. More than that, he consented to become a patron of the society, upon which two of his staff officers entered their names as members.

Cocaine Curiosity.

A West End chemist tells me that the question asked of him by ninety-five per cent. of his customers is, "What is cocaine like?" So frequent is the demand that he now keeps a small bottle of it, carefully sealed, for exhibition purposes only.

An Honour List.

I hear that the next O.B.E. list of honours will be a pretty long one. It is expected in about a week.

Sir Charles Monro.

I am glad to see that Sir Charles Monro was not forgotten in the list of military honours, because he was largely responsible for the successful evacuation of Gallipoli. But I hear that in the Indian command his tendency to centralise is even more marked than Lord Kitchener's. Things are not going too smoothly in "the Shiny."

At the W.O.

There is nobody whose signature is so well known in the Army alike to "second lot" and "brass hat" as Sir Reginald Brade's. He is Permanent Under-Secretary of State for War, a strenuous post which he has filled since

before the conflict just suspended. His length of service at the War Office now extends to thirty-four years.

Popular.

A charming personality, he is popular alike with soldier and civilian. And he has always been most courteous to any newspaper men who ventured to seek information from the most secretive institution in Whitehall.

Awabi.

I wonder if you have ever tasted awabi. A Chinese friend told me it was "a sort of shell fish." But as he first said it was like a lobster, and later on admitted it was like an oyster, I think awabi is a very good name for it. All the "doughboys" are eating it in funny little restaurants—or "chop suey joints"—which they seem to know better than the average Londoner.

The Reason.

And talking of the "doughboys," a part of them were rather lively somewhere in the West End the other night. When the manager came up to urge a little moderation, they were quite apologetic, but very explanatory. "Ya see, boss," said a veteran marine officer of at least twenty-one years, "the Amurricans always make a noise. If not with their guns, through the hole in their heads."

The Sandwich Habit.

The difficulty of finding a seat in a restaurant nowadays has driven many business men into sandwich bars, and this handy form of luncheon is well worth exploiting. I once knew a caterer whose proud boast was that he could serve eighty different kinds of sandwiches.

Glass Deficits.

The continued high price of glass has recently caused West End hotels and restaurants to ration their waiters with tumblers and so forth. An all-round charge of a shilling each article is made, and a waiter's glass deficits are stopped from his pay. Luckily, his tips are considerable.

Descendant of the Conqueror.

By the death of Colonel J. H. Carteret-Carey the other day there goes one of the last direct descendants of William the Conqueror, and Richard Cœur de Lion. The family has long been settled in the Channel Isles, and a younger brother, General Carteret-Carey, is Governor of the Military Knights of Windsor.

The Other "R. G."

R. G. Knowles was as interesting off the stage as he was on it. He had strong convictions about most things—religion and politics especially. When "votes for women" were scouted by most people Knowles advocated the cause from public platforms.

A Long Run.

Of late there has been some controversy about the longest non-stop engagement on the "halls." The real record probably belongs to Knowles, whose death was exclusively announced in *The Daily Mirror*. He told his funny stories at the syndicate halls for two years and ten months without a break.

Over a Year.

His first engagement in London was a pretty long one, too. Given a week's trial trip at the old Troadero, he remained there for sixty-eight weeks!

Golden Notes.

We are likely to see Mme. Calvé in London soon. For some time she has been in the United States, where she has given several concerts in aid of funds for war charities.



Mme. Calvé.

Pathetic.

Mme. Calvé was in France during the early part of the war. Once when she was singing to some wounded poilus in a war hospital near Paris, one of them limped up to her and asked if the door might be opened so that the wounded Germans lying in the next dormitory could hear.

The War Play.

There is at least one management in London which is not afraid to put on a war play while the peace negotiations are going on. The next piece at the Haymarket, where Mr. Frederick Harrison and Mr. Sachs will be in conjunction, deals with the war as it affects two American business partners, one of whom is pro-Ally and the other pro-German.

THE RAMBLER.



Miss Julia James in
'New Uncle,' which
is now in its second
year.



New portrait of the
Hon. Mrs. Geoffrey
Howard, daughter of
Lord Methuen.

NO WOMAN M.P.

Labour and the Government—Princess Patricia and Her Troussseau.

The first election since women became eligible for Parliament has ended dramatically for the women. Not one woman candidate in Great Britain has been returned to Westminster. With the defeat of Mrs. Lucas yesterday, the tale is told. "Never mind," said a woman with a vote to me yesterday, "we must educate women up to voting for another woman. The next election will have a different finish."

Hope Ever.

Chances of Mr. Asquith re-entering Parliament through someone giving up a seat are very remote. No seat can be considered safe for him, and Mrs. Hope says she will fight him wherever he stands.

Undignified.

Besides, it would not be dignified for a statesman of Mr. Asquith's standing to enter Parliament for the purpose of leading a party of less than half a dozen.

A Railwayman.

Everybody is sorry to hear that Mr. J. H. Thomas is ill. I do not, by the way, take much stock in those rumors that he has been asked to join the Government in the event of Labour's embargo being withdrawn. It is true that he was asked to join Mr. Lloyd George's first Ministry, but the Prime Minister is scarcely likely to risk a second refusal.

A Memento for Mr. Clynes.

I hear that Mrs. Clynes and Miss Clynes came specially from Oldham for the farewell dinner given to Mr. Clynes, the Food Controller, by the staff of the Ministry. An appropriate memento—the first ration book ever printed, enclosed in a silver case—was handed to Mr. Clynes during the doings by Major Astor.

Food and Dance.

There were some gay times at Grosvenor House the other night. Part of the staff of the Ministry of Food is installed there, and it struck them that the Duke of Westminster's beautiful ballroom was the very place for them to dance in. So it is; so they did.

Princess' Troussseau.

I hear from Ireland that Princess "Pat" has already given orders for some of her trousseau to be made there in a convent which the Princess and her sister, the Crown Princess of



Mrs. Trevellick O'Malley,
whose husband was a
prisoner of war for
three and a half years.



Lady Hardinge, whose
husband will represent
the Foreign Office at
Versailles.

Sweden, have always patronised for lingerie. The same concert is noted for turning out the most beautiful stitchery.

Prince and "Piappera."

Our Prince Albert was adored from afar by many French girls during his attachment to an R.A.F. headquarters in Valenciennes. "Six times have I beheld him," boasted one to a rival. "But if I have only seen him four times, mademoiselle, yet reflect that my aunt has regularly washed the shirts of one of his soldiers."

"Breakfast was a bit short
the other morning—no eggs, no
butter—and I could see Mother
was rather worried. 'Never mind,'
I said, 'as long as we've got
Rowntree's Cocoa, it makes up for
a lot and it keeps you going
wonderfully while you're standing
at the machine. But I tell you
what, Mother, I'm going to have
two cups this morning just to
make up.' Mother smiled and
brought out the biggest cup she
could find. 'I shan't worry about
you now, Nell,' she said, and I
went off to the factory feeling as
fit could be."

a Cup of
Rowntree's Cocoa
makes a biscuit into a meal

THE

PEOPLE IN THE
STORY.

EVE MERRIAM, secretly
married to
MAURICE HALSEY,
whom she regards as
her errand husband.
PETER LISLE, in love
with Eve, and
RACHEL VANE, a one-
time enemy of Eve.

EVE.

MOTHER AND SON.

"WON'T you welcome me home—my wife?"
Maurice's voice was almost inaudible as he spoke the last two words. And even at that moment Eve felt a great amazement spring up within her.

She laid her hand silently in his. Maurice took it reverently; then, with a sudden gesture, he raised it to his lips. Eve repressed a violent shudder that shook her from head to foot, as she felt the impress of his lips upon her hand.

This man had come back from the dead and was robbing her once more of all that life held for her, of all beauty, of all love. Just at the moment of her greatest happiness, on the very eve of her wedding, he had come back. Eve's senses were still too strained to feel much.

It was as if some great black curtain had descended, as it were, from unknown spaces, and had stifled her mind in its heavy folds. Nothing mattered—nothing. Last night she had fought for time—she had begged, pleaded, without uttering a single word, for time. Her one desire had been to shield Peter from the blow—but now she could shield him no longer. Nothing mattered—nothing.

Maurice had not kept forward, had not insisted on thrusting himself upon her, for that she had been deeply grateful. Through the long night she had fought and prayed that she might live through the coming days and adjust herself as a true woman should—always this, one refrain had sounded within her mind. "I must be brave—I must be brave."

Maurice raised his eyes and looked into the eyes of his wife—the woman he had learned to know in the thud of suffering and absence. And again Eve felt a vague surprise at what she saw in the dark brown eyes, the eyes that had filled her in past days with fear and something like horror. There was naught of that and pleading. Eve put a hand to her throat.

"May I see you?" Maurice began in a low voice—a voice of supplication.
"I—I—" faltered Eve. Her quick thought had been to escape the interview, but she knew it was inevitable. She made a supreme effort.
"In the library—"

"In about an hour's time?" questioned Maurice quietly.
"In an hour's time," answered Eve.

From the bed behind a great screen Mrs. Halsey's voice sounded frantically calling.
"Maurice! Maurice! where is he? Oh, my boy—come back to me!"

"You must go to her," Eve said gravely. She freed her hand from Maurice's grasp and glided silently and swiftly away. He had understood her silent appeal last night, and for that she was deeply grateful. But anything more—anything more just yet—Eve felt she could not bear. And yet she knew she must—honour compelled her.

Maurice watched her until she had passed from view; then he entered his mother's room, closing the door deliberately behind him. The next moment two short arms enclosed him. . . . When mother and son at length looked up both faces were wet with tears.

"It's a miracle," Mrs. Halsey said. Her voice trembled; she passed her hand across her son's forehead, pushing the black hair backwards.
"It's just too wonderful to be true—too wonderful! Tell me how it all happened, Maurice. It seems impossible."

"It does seem rather impossible," Maurice said. He told her of the happenings of the last eighteen months. While his mother continued to gaze at him, making sure, as it were, that he was a person of flesh and blood, Maurice talked.

"It seems extraordinary," she said at last, when he had finished speaking, "extraordinary that all the time we were mourning for you you were alive."

Maurice smiled a little for the first time.
"It seems almost wantonly cruel," he said reflectively, "that such things could happen."

His mother's eyes were on him now; there was in their expression a slightly puzzled look.
"You are different, Maurice," she said at length. "I don't quite know how—I don't mean the bronze and—the thinness—but you are different."

Maurice let his eyes gaze straight at his mother's.
"I am different," he said, and there was a note of grimness in his voice. "When a man goes through what I have gone through, he went on slowly, "it makes him—different."

They remained silent a little while, Mrs. Halsey's plump fingers still clasped in her son's—she was loathe to lose touch of him, even for a moment.

"Have you seen your father?" she asked suddenly.

"I saw him before I came to you," Maurice answered.

"And Eve?"

"And Eve," Maurice answered, but as he spoke he turned away his eyes.

Mrs. Halsey's fingers suddenly gave a convulsive movement. If Maurice had been looking at

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

THE DEPUTY GIRL

By JUNE
BOLAND

her he would have seen his mother's eyes dilate and something like horror creep into them. For the first time, for the first moment since she had heard of the miracle of her son's return, Mrs. Halsey realised what it might mean to others—to Eve, to Peter Lisle. It was the very eve of their wedding.

Conservation revealed itself on her features—the red in her cheeks slowly grew to white, Maurice's face whispered, "Maurice," and then, almost below her breath, "Oh, my poor boy!"

"WHO IS THE MAN?"

MAURICE turned suddenly towards her. His eyes seemed to search her very soul. She met his gaze, but met it aghast.

"What do you mean, mother?" he asked. The very quietness of his tones made Mrs. Halsey realise that there into the quietness of her life tragedy had leapt unawares.

"Oh, Maurice!" Speech failed the old lady as she thought of the fact that she would have to enlighten her own son as to the situation, to tell him he had returned to find his wife on the eve of marrying another man.

"I can't tell him—I can't!" she thought in a very agony of mind.

"What do you mean?" repeated Maurice. He stretched out his hand and captured the plump white hand that was throbbing about the counterpane. "If there is anything you have to tell me about Eve, tell it to me now."

"Your father found she was your wife, Maurice," Mrs. Halsey burst out incoherently. "Why didn't you tell us? And then we found her. I went and fetched her home. She has been living with us ever since. Oh, Maurice, why didn't you tell me she was your wife?"

"Because I was a fool and a cur, mother, that is why." He turned his eyes on her face again. "But you have something to tell me—tell me now!" His tone held a note of command.

"Maurice, Eve has been, is, a daughter to me—more than a daughter. Tell me—" Mrs. Halsey's voice sank to a whisper, "tell me you love her, Maurice."

For a moment there was silence, until a startled expression began to come into Mrs. Halsey's face.

"I love her," Maurice said in a low passionate voice. "I love her."

"Maurice, my poor boy," Mrs. Halsey broke in, her voice sounding like a wail, "oh, how shall I tell you? You said you returned last night during the evening festivities. The old lady wrung her hands. 'That dinner, the dinner, everything was arranged for Eve—'"

Maurice leaned suddenly forward. His dark eyes seemed to blaze.

"For Eve?"

"Yes—yes," answered his mother in the depths of a distress she could hardly control; "and to-morrow was to be Eve's wedding day."

Mrs. Halsey broke down now and wept unstrainedly.

"Eve's wedding day!" Maurice repeated the words like a man in a dream. "Eve's wedding day. . . ."

Again there was a long silence, only broken by his mother's sob.

Then suddenly Maurice leapt to his feet. It was as if a demon had possessed him. The latent fear, the fear that had been in his heart all those past months, leapt forward and became real, became justified. He had feared to return and find Eve belonging to another man.

"Who is the man?" he said hoarsely. And yet he had no need to ask. He knew well enough.

"Maurice—Maurice, don't be so angry! Remember she thought—oh, this is intolerable!" Mrs. Halsey broke down asecond time. Her low sobs were infinitely painful to her son, who stood waiting by the bedside.

"Who is the man?" repeated Maurice sternly. And while he spoke he was reviling himself bitterly, and in his heart there burned a wild hatred against Peter—Peter, who had stolen Eve from him.

"Oh, Maurice, don't speak like that—I can't bear it!" said his mother, removing her handkerchief for a moment and revealing red, tear-dimmed eyes. "She couldn't help it—no—no—no—no. It seems he had loved her for years, long before you married her."

"Who is he?"

"It is Peter—Mr. Lisle. It is terrible for him, too, Maurice—you can understand that—terrible—terrible! Where is Eve, Maurice? I think I want her."

Maurice leaned suddenly forward and laid a hand on his mother's two hands, which were clasped together in an attitude of despair. He saw the old lady was becoming almost hysterical.

"I will find Eve and send her to you."

Mrs. Halsey clung to his hand.

"Yes, do that, Maurice. But don't be angry—you mustn't be angry." She looked beseechingly up at him. "You know you are rather hasty-tempered, Maurice—or used to be."

"I will not be angry," answered Maurice steadily. "I will not be angry, mother. You need have no fear."

LOVE AND DUTY.

ABOUT a quarter of an hour's walk from the door of Morton Grange, and on the left of the building was a little wooded hill which was a favourite resort of the inhabitants of the house on warm summer afternoons and evenings. The

trees were mostly beech, and there was in places a fair amount of undergrowth.

In spring the ground was carpeted with bluebells, and later the cool fronds of ferns and other plants took their place. One or two rustic benches had been placed at intervals, and near the top a space had been cleared, and a view of Morton Grange, of the park, the lake and the hills beyond was obtainable.

Eve had early discovered this retreat, and it was a favourite place of hers when she wanted to be alone. Somehow the trees, with their solid silver-grey stems, always seemed like stalwart and protecting friends.

She loved to sit beneath one, leaning her back against a friendly trunk, and look upwards through the green of the leaves to the blue sky beyond. She had even ventured here on a moonlit summer night, and although the crackling of twigs and a startled hare had a little frightened her, yet the restful atmosphere had soothed her nerves.

As she went swiftly down the passage and passed from Maurice Halsey's view an overwhelming desire to be alone, to fly from the tragedy that had overtaken her, obsessed her. If she could only escape, flee from the coming interview with Maurice, if she could get away from the stone walls that imprisoned her, and think beneath God's sky, it seemed to her that she would more easily support the coming hours.

She ran swiftly down the stairs, and in passing took up a hat and made her way out into the garden. The sun was shining, little warm scented breaths of air waited towards her from the mass of blooms in the rose garden.

Eve paused for a moment, glanced up at the house, then, like some wild thing of the fields or woods, she sped swiftly towards her goal.

To be alone, to be quite alone, was her only conscious thought. As long as she was near the house there was always a danger of meeting someone; she could not bear to face anyone at that moment. Swiftly she traversed the winding path that led to the wood, and at length gaining it she paused for a moment, and looking quickly round she saw a fallen tree and made towards it.

Here she seated herself, and for a space sat motionless gazing before her—she noted an ant carrying a fragment of wood twice or three times its size, essaying again and again to carry it forward—she marked the black spider darting here and there amongst the grass, a veritable beast of prey. She noted with meticulous care every movement of the insect population at her feet. And yet as she marked these things her very soul was seared with anguish.

Peter. . . did Peter know? Was Mr. Gratton telling him now, at this instant? What would he say or do? Ought she, Eve, not to have told

him herself—to have told him, oh, so gently, so tenderly, that they must part, that life together was not for them?

Eve suddenly threw her arms wide, her hands outstretching, her fingers wide.

"Peter—Peter!" she cried aloud, and then fell silent once again, struck by the utter hopelessness of it all. This that had happened was not a thing that could be altered, alleviated.

Nothing could be done—nothing. And deep in her heart Eve knew that the man who had come back loved her. . . . He had marked the look in his eyes. He had taken her hand and kissed it. . . .

Love and duty. Once again the two had been set counterpoising each other in her life.

Duty. . . Eve knew that she must follow duty. There was nothing else—it was final, inexorable.

Eve covered her face with her hands, she sat motionless. Her eyes were hot and dry, no tears came to her relief, nothing lightened the burning anguish in her heart, nothing could ever lighten it again. She must go on, and on, and on; "thousands of other women have done it," she tried to think, to put it in words, "thousands have been through life bearing an agony like mine. . . . Peter would have me brave. . . . I will be brave."

The reiterated cry was piteous, yet in a sense it relieved the tension. She was making a resolve, a resolve that would strengthen her in that dead future that awaited her.

For long Eve sat motionless and with bowed head. Wave after wave swept over her, engulfing her very soul, and desperately she fought with herself.

There was no hope in flight. She must go back, go back to the big house, to the woman who had treated her as a daughter and who was rejoicing now at her son's return. How deep her joy was Eve could guess. . . . She must go back to that interview with Maurice.

He was waiting for her now—he was her husband. She told herself this, uttering the words aloud, to drive herself to understanding. If only the tears would come. But still her eyes were dry and hot.

All around her nature was motionless—a perfect summer day—the song of birds had ceased, only now and then the call of a wood pigeon broke the silence.

A sudden sense of another presence, a sense that she was not alone made Eve drop her hands from her face. A will far stronger than stranger might saw her shrink from letting anyone look upon her, bowed down as she was with the weight of sorrow.

A crackling of footsteps made her turn sharply. Not ten paces away, his face turned towards her, stood Peter. In his hand was a stick, and with its point held forward Peter sought what lay beyond him.

Eve moved quickly to her feet and gazed at it spellbound.

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SHIPLOAD OF SAND SENT TO EGYPT!

Story of an Amazing War Office Order.

COMEDY OF DOCKS.

Two amazing stories of official ignorance or stupidity were related by Mr. W. H. Garrison on the occasion of the Royal Colonial Institute Christmas address to a juvenile audience at the Central Hall.

By order of the War Office a ship wholly laden with sand was sent out during the war to Egypt! The sand was there put into bags in order to bank up trenches. One could hardly imagine the disgust of the men told off to unload it.

A ship under Admiralty orders arrived at Avonmouth. At the time there was some congestion and labour trouble, and the ship could not be unloaded quickly enough. They wired to the Admiralty for instructions to take the ship up the narrow gorge to Bristol Docks.

To the utter astonishment and bewilderment of the officials, the reply was a blank refusal, the reason given being the danger that the ship might be torpedoed en route!

Startling revelations of the greatest interest to students of archaeology are promised in a work to be published shortly dealing with the Pyramids, said Mr. W. H. Garrison, at a Colonial Institute meeting at the Central Hall last night.

SUICIDE BY MORPHIA.

Hospital Surgeon's Letter About "Metaphysical Subtleties."

The death from the effects of morphia which he injected into his body of Ivor W. Joynt, aged thirty-one, a civil surgeon at the 3rd London General Hospital, Wandsworth, was inquired into yesterday.

In a letter to his father Joynt said:—
Do not think too hardly of me. The fight has been difficult. Dr. Forestry will tell you how the problem lay. He did what he could for me. I have shouldered very much like to be cremated. You have always been so awfully good to me. The best thanks for all your kindness.

To the commanding officer of the hospital the deceased wrote:—

Should I not be successful in my morphia, will you send me to a nursing home to spare me the humiliation of being in a ward in my own hospital.

The coroner said that in another letter the deceased dwelt upon metaphysical subtleties, showing that he was somewhat abnormal.

A verdict of Suicide while of unsound mind was recorded.

PROUD OF HERO.

Lance-Corporal Awarded V.C. for Rescuing Wounded Under Fire.

It was officially confirmed yesterday that the King has awarded the Victoria Cross to Lance-Corporal W. H. Coltman, D.C.M. and bar, M.M. and bar (1st 6th North Stafford), of Burton-on-Trent.

In making the announcement, battalion orders state that the whole division (46th) is proud of him.

On September 28, near Bellenglise, Coltman dressed and carried many wounded under heavy artillery fire, continuing to work throughout the night and the following day without rest, until the sector was clear of wounded. Coltman is one of five brothers in the Army.

LEADERS' KNIGHTHOODS.

For Work in Salonika, Egypt and Italy—Honours for Nurses.

Three more lists of honours were issued last evening.

There are seven knightships, including Major-Generals G. T. Forestier-Walker (Salonika), Sir W. Campbell (Egypt) and Sir Louis J. Bols (Egypt)—all K.C.B.s; Colonel H. J. Everett (Salonika), Lieutenant-General Sir G. F. Milne (Salonika) and Major-Generals J. S. M. Shea (Egypt) and S. O. U. Smith (Egypt)—all K.C.M.G.s.

The new awards are for services rendered in connection with military operations in Salonika, Egypt and Italy.

There are also numerous appointments to the Order of the British Empire and other orders.

The King has made officers of the Royal Red Cross to a number of nurses, and the following receive the bar to the decoration: Miss J. E. Dodds, matron; Miss D. McMillan, sister; Miss M. E. Neville, sister; Miss A. Weir, all Q.A.I.M.N.S.

O.B.E.s FOR W.R.N.S.

Miss E. Crowley, O.B.E., Deputy Director W.R.N.S., has been appointed a Commander of the Military Division of the British Empire Order. Miss M. Johnstone-Douglas, Divisional Director, and Mrs. O. Wallace, Deputy Assistant Director, have been made officers of the military division, and Miss E. M. Dunnatt, Assistant Principal, has been made a member of the military division of the said order.

SENSIBLE COATS FOR SMALL WALKERS.



You cannot choose a more suitable garment for a small boy's coat than this double-breasted one of grey cheviot serge, with pearl buttons.

The birds show no fear of this child, in a coat of dark blue wool velour, warmly collared in opossum and neatly stitched with blue silk.

In terra-cotta and black, this small maid cheers everyone's heart on the dullest day. Her wee poke is of terra-cotta, with flying black streamers.

Children's dressmakers are now recognised as specialists, so important has become the dressing of the youngest generation. Such modest refuse to design for anyone over thirteen. Changes in small people's fashions are as definite as in grown people's. This year emphasis is laid on the importance of warm coats, crossing over the chest, to protect their young wearers against chilly winds.

9.30 CURFEW STAYS.

Why London Restaurants Will Not Extend Their Hours.

SHORTAGE OF WAITRESSES.

The big restaurants of London are not likely to extend their hours (9.30 is now closing hour) so long as the present shortage of waitresses continues.

The girls won't work at places like this for any length of time," said a veteran waitress yesterday to *The Daily Mirror*.

"It is not that conditions are bad. It is just that most of the real waitresses are engaged in some kind of war work, either in the Waacs or the Waifs or the Wrens, or are still undischarged from munitions. Many of them have gone into business offices.

"The present girls are really stop-gaps. Some come for about a week, and then leave. The trouble is that they are not used to the checking work at top speed without guarantee that they will gain anything extra by it.

"I am not disappointed with my present position, because the tips make it worth while.

"But, of course, you cannot expect a customer to tip if the attention and service are not good."

STANDARD COSTUMES.

Why "Shell Cloth" Coats and Skirts Are Not Yet Obtainable.

Although it has been stated that the serge cloth for women's standard costumes, coat-frocks and skirts will be ready by the end of next month, it is not known yet when garments will be available.

The official scheme has been laid before the Costume Manufacturers' Association, which decided the distribution of the cloth to a committee.

This committee, however, has declined to have anything to do with the scheme in its present form. One reason for this decision is the high rate of wages, for which sufficient margin has not been allowed; another is that costumes are fashion articles.

The scheme submitted to the manufacturers provided for 15,150,000 yards of material for standard coat-frocks and costumes, at 7s. 3d. per yard.

BARBERS' STRIKE NEARING END?

Negotiations are on foot which may result in a settlement of the strike of West End hairdressers.

Mr. Hoffman, on behalf of the Hairdressers' Branch of the Shop Assistants' Union, has written to the Employers' Association expressing willingness to meet the employers in conference and suggesting the appointment of small committees from each side.

MEN WHO SAVED MANY SHIPS.

The Admiralty in an official statement issued last night express their appreciation of the admirable work performed by the Auxiliary Patrol Service throughout the war, and add:—

When ships were mined, torpedoed, or wrecked, the Auxiliary Patrol vessels have been uniting in their efforts to rescue the crews, and their seamanship, pluck and determination have resulted in the saving of many badly-damaged ships.

SECRET IN CODE.

French Captain Charged with Suppressing Documents.

ECHO OF THE HUMBERT CASE.

PARIS, Friday.

The arrest of Captain Ladoux, the former head of the Second Intelligence Bureau of the Ministry of War, is the result of the disappearance of a document involving MM. Caillaux and Humbert which an official stated he had sent to the captain.

The accused is charged with suppressing the document.—Central News.

The captain declared (says Reuter) that he handed the documents over to the police authorities by order of his chief, Colonel Goubet. The latter denies having given any such order.

The *Journal* states that Ladoux is concerned in the suppression or appropriation of a secret document in code which M. Humbert handed over to him, together with a letter signed "A loyal Frenchwoman."

According to the *Paris Journal*, the letter was as follows: "My brother is betraying his country. Here is a specimen of the code which he uses in his correspondence with the Germans." The paper adds that the "loyal Frenchwoman" was in the employment of a political personage.

"I AM HERE."

How Six American Officers Wrote Home on Royal Notepaper.

During President Wilson's visit to London six officers of the American Red Cross in France who were here on leave, but who had not had an opportunity of seeing the President on any of the great professional days, expressed a desire to see him during the short time at their disposal.

Procuring an official United States motor-car they drove to Buckingham Palace and after presenting their cards were ushered into a royal waiting-room.

Noticing that there was writing material at hand, they sat down to write letters home, using Buckingham Palace notepaper, and each briefly wrote: "I am here."

"A perfect knowledge of Shorthand is worth £500 Capital to any young man or woman of the present day."

These words are not ours but those of Sir William Bull (leading city Solicitor and well-known M.P.), himself a very capable writer of the Pitman System of Shorthand, and, of course, it was Pitman's System to which he referred.

In journalism, law, literature, commerce, shorthand is an invaluable aid to success. Hundreds of well-known business and professional men acknowledge that Pitman's Shorthand was an important stepping-stone in their career. Pitman's Shorthand is speedy, accurate, and highly efficient. It is written and enjoyed by shorthand writers the world over.

Learn Pitman's this winter by either attending classes or in the quiet of your own home.

DOCTORS DIFFER ON BEAUTY QUESTION.

Medical Men and Our Great Competition.

TWO INTERESTING VIEWS.

Doctors sometimes disagree.

On the subject of womanly beauty they often live up to their reputation.

Two days ago a well-known medical lecturer, discussing the beauty of the entrants in *The Daily Mirror* £1,000 Beauty Competition, asserted that beautiful children result from unions of perfect love.

Now a doctor of international repute, also interested in our search for Britain's Queens of Beauty, enters the discussion with this criticism of the above theory.

"I am afraid that though this is a charming theory, it is not borne out by actual facts," he said.

A MATTER OF HEREDITY.

"You will certainly find that the children of such marriages usually possess the finer qualities of their parents' temperaments to a marked degree, but I do not think actual beauty of face and feature results.

"External beauty is just as much a matter of heredity as consumption, and the union of a beautiful woman and a handsome man almost invariably produces beautiful children irrespective of the strength of affection between the parents."

NEARLY 24,000 ENTRANTS.

Remember January 15th, the Closing Date of Our Great Beauty Competition.

Such views all tend to increase the great interest already aroused in *The Daily Mirror's* search for Britain's most beautiful women war workers.

Nearly 24,000 of them are competing in our Beauty Competition.

The closing date of the competition, details of which have been published daily, is January 15 1919. Photographs received later will run the risk of being disqualified.

All photographs should be addressed to the Beauty Competition Editor, *The Daily Mirror*, 23-29, Boulevard-street, Fleet-street, E.C.4.

SONGS ON WRECKED SHIP.

Stirring Scenes in Rough Sea Round Stranded U.S. Liner.

With the first ray of dawn coastguards and naval men, in the pouring rain, resumed the work of rescue on the stranded Northern Pacific. The sea was rougher than yesterday.

A submarine chaser ran to leeward of the transport and removed 150 more troops, who swarmed down ladders and ropes over the ship's side.

A number of stretcher cases were lowered into power boats and taken on board a hospital ship. One lifeboat capsized and fifteen people were thrown into the water, but were rescued.

The ship's band played lively airs while the work of rescue was carried on, and at night a soldier quartette sang "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep."

Approximately 1,000 troops were removed by noon, less than 1,500 remaining on board.—Reuter.

Cliff Road Collapse.—A portion of the cliff road, 250ft. above sea level, between Ilfracombe and Combe Martin, Devon, has collapsed, resulting in hundreds of tons of shale and limestone being hurled into the sea.

Pitman's Shorthand

"Pitman's Shorthand, Rapid Course," 2/6, or with additional Exercises, 4/-, of all Booksellers.

Free Lesson and Interesting Booklet, post free, from Pitman's Schools, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1, or Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons, Ltd., 1, Amen Corner, London, E.C.4.

ENTERED IN 'THE DAILY MIRROR' BEAUTY COMPETITION WHICH CLOSSES ON JANUARY 15



Has been serving for some time in a department of the Ministry of Food.



On service in a garage for two years after working with V.A.D.



Has for a considerable time been on duty as a nurse with a Voluntary Aid Detachment.



A canteen worker who has also served as clerk in office of the Ministry of Food.



Busily engaged as a clerk in head office of a London bank.



With a good record of service in inspection of munitions.



At War Trade Intelligence Department and in a bank respectively.



ZEEBRUGGE HERO MARRIED.—Lieutenant Herbert Tracy, R.N.V.R. (right), married to Miss Grace Hawkins at Burstow Church, Sussex. Commander P. T. Dean, V.C. (left), the new M.P. for Blackburn, was best man. The bridegroom is one of the heroes of the Zeebrugge attack.



FORTUNE-TELLERS IN CAIRO.—They are a great institution in the Egyptian capital and have been much patronised by British "Tommies" quartered there or passing through.



SOLDIER AND HIS BRIDE.—Captain Graham Gordon married to Miss Gwynedd Llewelyn Roberts at St. Mary Bolton, London.

Daily Mirror

Saturday, January 4, 1919.

WELCOME ROYAL VISITOR—



The ex-Queen of Portugal snaps a cracker with cripple girl.

At the annual entertainment given by Colonel Bruce Porter and officers of the Third London General Hospital at Wandsworth to crippled children and war wounded. All

—AT WANDSWORTH WAR HOSPITAL ENTERTAINMENT.

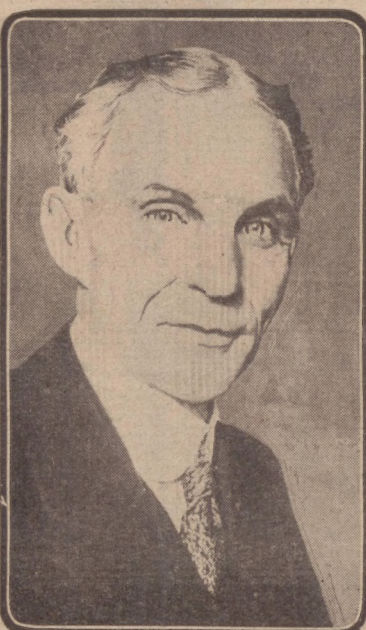


Crippled children and partially-disabled officers have a good time together at the war hospital party.

the guests, grown-ups as well as kiddies, enjoyed themselves immensely, and much appreciated the visit of the ex-Queen Amelie of Portugal. —(Daily Mirror exclusive.)



MAKING A POPULATION.—Dr. Addison and Nurse Mackay at the infants' welfare centre established by American Red Cross in a former Bethnal Green public-house.



MR. HENRY FORD RETIRES.—Mr. Henry Ford, who has announced his retirement from the active direction of the Ford Motor Company, "in order to give younger men a chance." He is to be succeeded by his son, Mr. Edsel Ford, who is only 24.



One of the pupils receives a lesson in milking.



HOSPITAL WORKERS' MERRYMAKING.—Staff and nurses of Endell-street Military Hospital, London, hold a festive dinner to celebrate the coming conclusion of their labours.



C.M.G.—Gen. Maitland, who has been awarded the C.M.G., holds world's records for balloon flights and parachute descents.



MENTIONED.—Lady De Ramsey, who has been mentioned for her services as president of Huntingdon Branch of Red Cross.



Being shown the correct way to fork a bale of hay.

FOR DISCHARGED SOLDIERS.—At the "Silver Badge" farm, started at Warley, Lea, Brentwood, Essex, for the training of about fifty discharged soldiers in land and stock work.